

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER



Nicholas Vince
John Van Fleet

B. Hampton-Mack
Scott Hampton

Jan Strnad
Mark Chiarello

Kent Williams



foreword
D. G. Chichester

Cenobite!
Nicholas Vince
writer

John Van Fleet
artist

James Novak
letterer

Like Flies to Wanton Boys
Bunny Hampton-Mack
writer

Scott Hampton
artist

Tracy Hampton-Munsey
letterer

To Prepare a Face
Jan Strnad
writer

Mark Chiarello
artist

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letterer

afterword
Marc McLaurin

front and end piece illustrations by
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interior illustrations by
Bill Sienkiewicz

Glenn Pepple

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Louis Harrison

cover art by
Scott Hampton



FOREWORD

The joys and chores of editing the cruel comic you hold in your soon-to-be trembling hands can best be described using the title of another of Mr. Barker's creations; in short, it's a damnation game. And, like all good games, players come—roll dem bones, dem bones—and then those players must go, on to face other challenges.

By example, after succeeding my original reign of terror amongst these pages, editor Margaret Clark has now also chosen to make her escape. And as she ascends to a heavenly heading-up of a number of new projects coming out from U.K. based Neptune Publishing, it's time for yet another player to sell his soul . . .

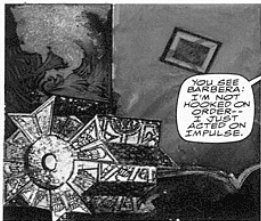
. . . or, to coin another phrase, "There's a new sheriff in town, and his name's Marc McLaurin."

No stranger to these blighted shores, Mr. McLaurin penned the relentless tale of "The Vault" in **Hellraiser** No. 2. Having survived the there-and-back of that experience, Marc is *still* eager to leap into the abyss as Hellraiser's new editor; go figure. With such diverse projects as **Critical Mass** and **Marvel Monster Masterworks** under his belt, Marc comes to Hell with enthusiasm certain to bring this book to new heights—or, more importantly, new depths.

On this issue's descent, you will be treated to such sights as "Cenobite," a how-to guide by Nicholas Vince and artist John Van Fleet. Having played the Cenobite "Chatterer" in the *Hellraiser* series of films, Nicholas is uniquely qualified to document the procedure by which one gets that stylish blue-skinned, self-mutilated look. And while this is Mr. Van Fleet's first foray into Leviathan's realm, it certainly won't be his last—he's currently preparing a **Hellraiser/Nightbreed** crossover to be published in the near future. "Like Flies To Wanton Boys" once again gives us the pleasure of presenting Scott Hampton's portrayals of pain (try saying that the proverbial ten times); this time teamed with sister Bunny Hampton-Mack; it's a gothic proverb on the dangers of opening the wrong doors. And in "To Prepare A Face," one of Hell's favorite sons, Jan Strnad, takes time out from working on **Stalkers** to conclude his informal trilogy of the Cenobite Face; it's a look into darkness courtesy of Mark Chiarello who, in addition to being an extraordinarily talented artist, is also the living reincarnation of Montgomery Clift.

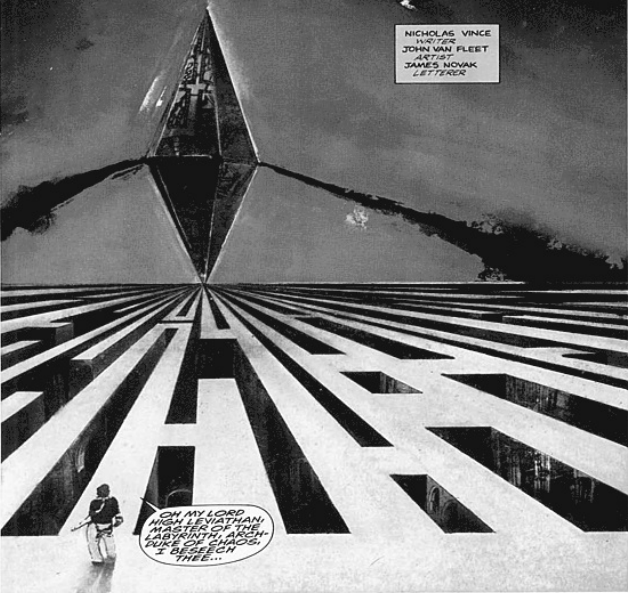
With such chilling creativity to ice our dreams, Marc and I have given up any hope of getting any sleep for ourselves; better we devote our time toward making sure your nights are equally pleasant. We're currently working with Clive to set loose new demons and directions for this comic configuration that we feel sure are going to keep you enjoying Hell as much as we do. After all, gentle reader, you're going to be down here with us a long time, aren't you?

~ A very, very long time . . .



CENOBSITE!

NICHOLAS VINCE
WRITER
JOHN VAN FLEET
ARTIST
JAMES NOVAK
LETTERER



OH MY LORD
HIGH LEVIATHAN,
MASTER OF THE
LABYRINTH, ARCH-
DUKE OF CHAOS,
I BESEECH
THEE...



WWWWRRRRUUUMMM

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME
BOY?

Edward
Leverett,
Sister.

HERE YOU'LL
ANSWER TO
THE NAME OF
LEVERETT.

UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE TO LOOK
AFTER THIS NEW BOY
BARTLETT'S HIS NAME
AND MAKE SURE HE
BEHAVES.

BARTLETT'S SHIT
HIS SHEETS AGAIN,
LEVERETT. CLEAR IT
UP AND TEACH HIM
NOT TO DO IT
AGAIN.

SHITTER!

SHITTER!

SHITTER!







LEVERETT
YOU ARE A
BAG OF SHIT
TIED WITH A
RIBBON - WHAT
ARE YOU?



ONE OF YOUR
SQUAD RAN AWAY,
LEVERETT.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO MAINTAIN
DISCIPLINE!

A BAG OF
SHIT, SIR!



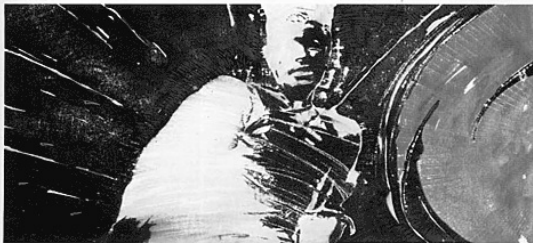
DIRTY FILTHY DESERTER



DIRTY
FILTHY
DESERTER



DIRTY FILTHY
DESERTER





OH, PLEASE, NO.

NOT THIS--- PLEASE
DON'T MAKE ME...

...MAKE ME LOOK AT
THE FALKLANDS.

NEW ORDERS
FROM BATTALION
H.Q. SIR, WE'RE TO
WITHDRAW AND...

I CAN'T HEAR
YOU CORPORAL!
TOO MUCH NOISE!
OUR ORDERS ARE
TO TAKE THE
ARGENTINE
POSITION!

BUT SIR!
PRIVATE JONES
NEEDS HELP---
WE MUST...

ARE YOU
DISOBEYING
MY ORDER
CORPORAL?

IT'S ALRIGHT JONES. WE'RE JUST GOING TO CAPTURE THAT SCHOOLHOUSE AND THEN WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU.

"THE FLESH IS WEAK," CORPORAL. YOU HAVE TO SUBDUE IT. DON'T WORRY THERE WILL BE A MEDAL IN THIS FOR YOU TOO.

PLEASE SIR--I DON'T WANNA DIE!

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL YOU ATTACK THE TARGETS I HAVE SPECIFIED.

NOW!

MY GRANDFATHER WAS IN THE TRENCHES IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR...

BBBRRWOOPPPPP

HE WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.



WELL,
JENKINS--WE
MADE IT.



YES,
SIR--"WE"
DID.

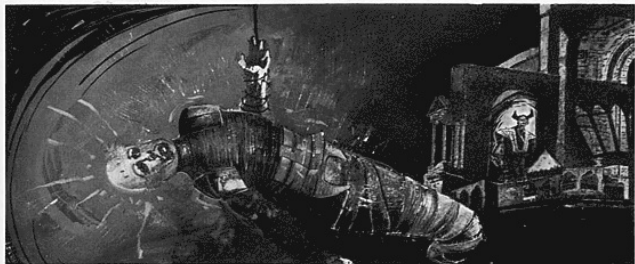
CLICK



DROP YOUR
GUNS!



WE FIND THAT THE
DEFENDANT DISOBEYED A
DIRECT ORDER AND BY SO
DOING LED TWO OF HIS
MEN TO THEIR DEATHS.
FURTHER, HE IGNORED THE
NEED FOR MEDICAL...







EDWARD! WHAT
IN HELL'S NAME DO
YOU THINK YOU ARE
PLAYING AT?

EDWARD--IT IS NOW
NINE O'CLOCK AND I HAVE
BEEN CALLING YOU FROM
THE GALLERY FOR THE
PAST THREE HOURS.



WHY DIDN'T
YOU ANSWER?



EDWARD!
TALK TO ME!

LET GO
OF MY
HAIR.



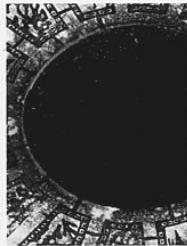
HE DON'T KNOW WHY
DIDN'T COME TO
NIGHT. THIS SEEMED
IMPORTANT.

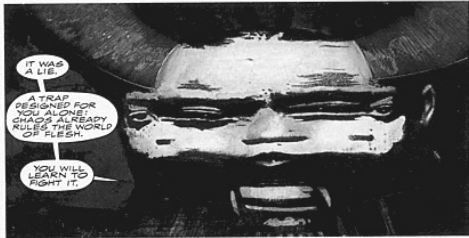


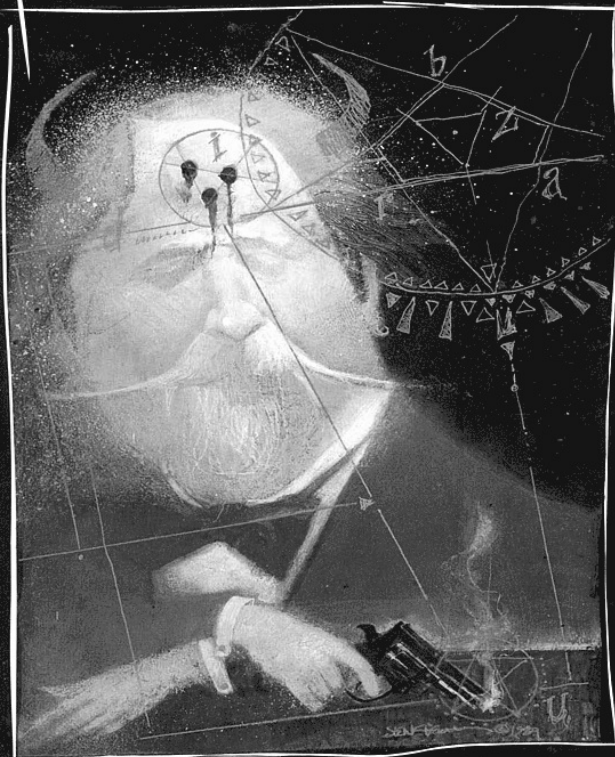
WILL YOU PLEASE
STOP USING YOUR CON-
FUSION AS AN EXCUSE.
I KNOW IT'S SAFE AND
NO ONE ASKS YOU TO
MAKE A DECISION, BUT
IT'S ADULTHOOD
YOU'VE GOT TO BE
ORGANISED.



ORDER
BETRAYED ME!!!
"GIVE US YOUR LOVE,"
THEY SAID. "GIVE US
YOUR HOPES, FEARS
AND TRUST AND BE NOT
AFRAID. WE WILL MAKE
YOUR DECISIONS AND
IN RETURN YOU WILL
SERVE US AND
MAINTAIN
DISCIPLINE."













Like Flies to Wanton Boys

written by
Bunny Hampton-Mack

painted by
Scott Hampton

lettered by
Tracy Hampton-Munson

in memory of
Bernie Krigstein



ANDREW! THOUGHT YOU'D GONE BACK. OR ARE THERE STILL SOME EARS YOU HAVEN'T BENT ABOUT THOSE BLACKGUARD BLOCKADE RUNNERS IN CHARLESTON?



SO, FRATERNAL JEALOUSY REARS ITS LUMPY HEAD AT LAST! WELL, I CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED. MY YEARS IN THE STATES HAVE GIVEN ME SOCIAL COLLATERAL GREATER THAN DISRAELI'S. IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT YOU SHOULD SQUIRM WITH ENVY.



HA!



HERE, NOW, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ASIDE FOR AN HOUR, JOHN. TELL ME ABOUT THIS WOOLRICH FELLOW AND HIS WIFE. HE NEVER LEAVES OFF—HOLDS ONTO HER LIKE A £20 NOTE. EXCEEDINGLY OPP.



NOT IF YOU KNOW HIS STORY. IAN WOOLRICH'S VERY PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT IS STRANGER THAN HIS CLINGING BEHAVIOR. UNTIL RECENTLY, HE AND CATHY HADN'T LEFT THEIR HOUSE FOR NEARLY SEVEN YEARS.



SEVEN YEARS? I HOPE THEY LIVE IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE THEN. LORD, I'D GO MAD!



HE VERY NEARLY DID.



IF YOU THINK
I'M GOING TO BEG
YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT
THEM, YOU'RE QUITE WRONG.
I'M BORED, TRUE, BUT
I'M PROUD.



YOU NEEDN'T
BEG, OLD FELLOW.
I'LL TELL YOU, AND I'LL
BEGIN WITH A FACT
YOU WILL HARDLY
CREDIT.



MANY TIMES
A DAY, YOU DO, WITH
GREAT EASE, SOMETHING THAT
IAN HASN'T DONE IN SEVEN
YEARS—YOU WALK INTO
CLOSED ROOMS.



IT WAS
SEVEN YEARS
AGO AT A NEW YEAR'S
EVE PARTY GIVEN BY
PETER DURANT TOO BAD
YOU NEVER KNEW HIM; HE
COULD'VE WARDERD OFF
YOUR BOREDOM FOR
HOURS AT A TIME
WITH THAT PUZZLE
COLLECTION OF HIS.



HE AMUSED HIS GUESTS WITH PUZZLES
OF EVERY SORT, AND THAT NIGHT WE'D
MANAGED TO SOLVE FOUR OF THE FIVE
HE'D BROUGHT OUT, BUT NO ONE HAD FATH-
OMED THE WORKINGS OF THE FIFTH ONE.



THE PUZZLE
CAME AROUND
TO IAN SHORTLY
BEFORE MIDNIGHT
AND, AS EASILY
AS IF HE'D BEEN
BORN DOING IT,
HE OPENED IT,
JUST AS THE NEW
YEAR ARRIVED.

DURANT WAS CLEARLY VERY SURPRISED THAT ANYONE WAS ABLE TO OPEN THAT LAST ONE...

WELL, IAN, YOU MUST BE QUITE SPECIAL. IT TAKES A PARTICULAR SORT OF PERSON TO OPEN THAT ONE.

OH, BUT YOU DID. SUCCESS IS ALWAYS ACHIEVED BY THE MAN WHO IS ALONE, LITERALLY OR FIGURATIVELY. IN COMPANY, WE MAGNIFY THE CHAOS INHERENT IN OUR DAILY LIVES, OUR PETTY DESIRES, OUR INCOMPLETE ACTIONS.

IT IS IN ISOLATION THAT WE COME CLOSEST TO TRULY PERFECT ORDER.

PEOPLE ARE SIMPLY NOT PREPARED FOR THE PRICELESS LESSONS TO BE GLEANED FROM SOLITUDE, BUT THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS THOSE LESSONS.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, PETER. YOURS ARE THE LIVELIEST PARTIES IN LONDON.

REALLY? LUCK, I SHOULD SAY. AND ANYWAY, THE EFFORTS OF THE OTHERS HELPED ELIMINATE THE WRONG APPROACHES. I DIDN'T DO IT ALONE.

WELL, I SAY THREE CHEERS FOR CHAOS THEN, DURANT, BECAUSE, UNLESS I'M WORKING ON A BOOK, I DESPise BEING ALONE.

WHAT I DO OFTEN BEARS LITTLE RELATION TO WHAT I BELIEVE, MY DEAR... AS IS THE CASE WITH MOST OF US. EXCUSE ME.

AT THAT TIME, IAN WAS QUITE POSSIBLY THE MOST GREGARIOUS MAN IN LONDON—BUT THAT WAS ABOUT TO CHANGE.

AROUND 12:15, I GOT WORD THAT A PATIENT OF MINE NEEDED IMMEDIATE ATTENTION AND PREPARED TO LEAVE. WHEN I PASSED IAN ON THE STAIRS, I DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT I WAS SEEING THE OLD IAN FOR THE LAST TIME.

ACCORDING TO HIM, THE TRIP UPSTAIRS TO GET THEIR COATS—THE SORT OF ROUTINE ACTION HE'D PERFORMED A THOUSAND TIMES—BECAME A TERRIFYING JOURNEY THAT NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE.

IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, AS HE SEARCHED THROUGH THE CLOSET, HE HEARD THE DOOR BEHIND HIM CLOSE AND LOOKED TO SEE WHO HAD COME IN.



FINDING NO ONE THERE, HE ATTRIBUTED THE DOOR'S CLOSING TO A DRAUGHT AND TURNED TO LEAVE.



WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR, HE WAS GREETED, NOT BY THE ORNATE WALL-PAPER OF THE DURANTS' HALLWAY, BUT BY AN UNFAMILIAR ROOM, BLACK AS JET EXCEPT FOR A LIGHTED, GOLDEN DOOR.



CONFUSED, CERTAIN THAT HE'D MADE SOME SIMPLE, THOUGH UNACCOUNTABLE MISTAKE, HE TURNED BACK TO THE BEDROOM TO FIND THE HALL DOOR — AND DISCOVERED THAT THE BEDROOM HAD VANISHED AND HE WAS SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS.



THE PALPABLE BLACKNESS SEEMED TO GATHER ABOUT HIM IN AN EVIL CARESS.



QUICKLY, HE MOVED TO THE GOLDEN DOOR, ASSUMING THAT IT WAS, AFTER ALL, THE WAY BACK TO THE STAIRS.



GRABBING THE KNOB, HE THREW THE DOOR OPEN.



...ONTO MORE OF THE PENETRATING DARKNESS, RELIEVED ONLY BY ANOTHER GOLDEN DOOR GLEAMING AHEAD OF HIM, THIS ONE FARTHER AWAY.



WHEELING ABOUT TO RETURN THROUGH THE FIRST DOOR, HE FOUND HIMSELF STARING INTO EMPTY DARKNESS.



THE DOOR HE'D JUST COME THROUGH WAS GONE, LEAVING HIM CUT OFF FROM ANY HOPE OF RETURNING IN THAT DIRECTION.



HIS HEART POUNDING IN THE SILENT, OPPRESSIVE BLACKNESS, HE GROPED ABOUT WILDLY, BUT MET WITH NOTHING—NO WALLS, NO FURNITURE—BY WHICH TO ORIENT HIMSELF.



FEARING THE VOID THAT SURROUNDED HIM AND NATURALLY DRAWN TO THE ONLY LIGHT REMAINING TO HIM, HE MOVED TOWARD THE NEXT DOOR.



BUT BEFORE HE EVEN TURNED THE HANDLE, HE WAS FILLED WITH THE SICKENING CERTAINTY THAT ONLY MORE OF THE HIDEOUS DARKNESS WOULD BE FOUND ON THE OTHER SIDE.

AND HE WAS NOT WRONG.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS THAT, THIS TIME, THE NEXT DOOR WAS MUCH FARTHER AWAY—HALF A CITY BLOCK OR MORE.



AND ONCE AGAIN THE DOOR BEHIND HIM HAD DISAPPEARED.



INSPIRED BY TERROR, HE BEGAN FOR THE FIRST TIME TO RUN—AS IF CONQUERING THE GREATER DISTANCE MORE QUICKLY MIGHT MAKE IT LESS FRIGHTENING.



BUT HIS FEAR WAS ONLY MAGNIFIED WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE DOOR...



...FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM THE LAST.

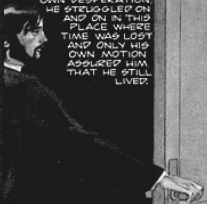


STUMBLING, WALKING, RUNNING THROUGH THE HALLS AND THE DOORS, HE TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF STOP. MAKE HIMSELF THINK OF ANOTHER WAY, OF SOME REASONABLE EXPLANATION. BUT NOTHING IN THAT GRIM DARKNESS BESPOKE REASON OR A METHOD THAT COULD BE FERRETED OUT.

HE KNEW, AS SURELY AS IF HE'D BEEN TOLD, THAT EVIL OF A FANTASTIC MAGNITUDE WAS HIS COMPANION ON THIS JOURNEY AND THAT IT RESISTED ANY ANALYSIS.



WITHOUT SUSTENANCE OR REST, FED ONLY BY HIS OWN DESPERATION, HE STRUGGLED ON AND ON IN THIS PLACE WHERE TIME WAS LOST AND ONLY HIS OWN MOTION ASSURED HIM THAT HE STILL LIVED.



UNSURE AT TIMES WHETHER HE WAS CONSCIOUS OR UNCONSCIOUS, MOVING OR STILL, HE UNDERSTOOD THAT HE HAD NO OBJECTIVE MEANS OF KNOWING REALITY. MORE REAL TO HIM, IN A SENSE, THAN EVEN HIS OWN MOVEMENTS WAS THE UNDENIABLE, ALMOST TANGIBLE PRESENCE OF A MALIGN AND CONSCIENCELESS POWER.

HIS IMPLACABLE FEAR OF THIS INVISIBLE PRESENCE WAS HEIGHTENED BY A DEEP AND DESPAIRING DREAD OF GOING ON THIS WAY, ENTIRELY ALONE, UNTIL DEATH OVERTOOK HIM.

AND WHAT IF EVEN THE UNWELCOME ESCAPE OF DEATH ELUDED HIM?

WHAT IF HE WERE DOOMED TO TRAVEL THIS HELL ETERNALLY WITHOUT RELEASE?

DISJOINTED THOUGHTS BEGAN TO ASSAIL HIS GRIM REVERIE, PUSHING ASIDE THE UNTHINKABLE HORROR OF A TREK THROUGH AN ETERNAL VOID.

HE THOUGHT DISTRACTEDLY OF *10 AND ATLANTA*, HIS MOST RECENT BOOK—THE NEARLY FINISHED MANUSCRIPT LYING ON HIS DESK AT HOME...

... OF THE FRAGILE ANTIQUE PIERE HIS FATHER HAD GIVEN HIM...

... OF HIS LOVELY WIFE AND HOW CONCERNED SHE MUST BE...

... OF THE FACT THAT THEY HAD NEVER HAD CHILDREN AND HOW MUCH COMFORT THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO CATHY IF HE WERE NEVER TO RETURN...

BUT HIS OWN WANING STRENGTH PUT AN END TO THESE THOUGHTS. EVERY IOTA OF ENERGY HE INVESTED IN TRYING TO ARREST HIS DREAD WAS ENERGY SUBTRACTED FROM HIS ABILITY TO KEEP MOVING.

HE STUMBLED MORE, FELL MORE WHEN HE TRIED TO REMOVE HIMSELF MENTALLY FROM HIS SURROUNDINGS.

HE FOUND HE HAD TO CONCENTRATE ON EACH STEP NOW IN ORDER TO GO ON.



... EVEN OF THE MASONRY WORK THAT NEEDED TO BE DONE ON THE OLD BRICK OF THEIR LONDON TOWNHOUSE...



NO ULTIMATELY HE WAS SURE THAT GOING ON WAS NO LONGER POSSIBLE.

THE DOOR THAT FACED HIM NOW WAS SO FAR AWAY THAT IT WAS ONLY THE MEREST DUST SPECK OF LIGHT, BARELY VISIBLE TO THE UNAIDED EYE.

COULD IT BE MILES AWAY?

NO FAR AS A STAR?

WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SEE MILES AHEAD OF HIM?

WAS THERE ANY WAY FOR HIS TORTURED BODY TO CARRY HIM FORWARD ACROSS THAT HUGE DISTANCE?

NO IF HE ~~DID~~ MAKE IT, HOW IN GOD'S NAME COULD HE HOPE TO MAKE IT TO THE ONE AFTER THAT?

NO THEN HE KNEW. HE KNEW WITH A CERTAINTY BORN NOT OF HIS OWN HOPELESSNESS, BUT A CERTAINTY BORN IN UPON HIM FROM WITHOUT. THAT THIS WAS THE LAST DOOR, THE ONE THAT WOULD DECIDE HIS FATE.

THAT BEYOND IT LAY ENDING DARKNESS, DARKNESS UNMARKED BY ANYTHING AT ALL.

NO THAT REACHING IT WOULD, FOR GOOD OR ILL, END HIS JOURNEY.



IN THE FINAL HOURS OF HIS DETERMINED STRUGGLE, TOO WEAK FOR RAGE, STRONG ENOUGH ONLY TO HARKEN TO THE PROMPTINGS OF THAT COLD, INSINUATING DREAD, HE CRAWLED AND DRAGGED HIMSELF ACROSS A VAST FLOOR OF DARKNESS, SEEMING TO REDUCE THE DISTANCE TO THE DOOR ONLY BY INCHES WITH EACH PASSING HOUR.



REDUCED TO A STATE OF WEAKNESS SHORT OF DEATH BY THE MEREST IMAGINABLE FRACTION, HE FINALLY REACHED THAT DOOR...

...AND MARSHALING THE MEAGER DREGS OF HIS STRENGTH AND RESOLVE, HE GRASPED THE HANDLE, TURNED IT...



...AND FOUND IT LOCKED.

CLUMBLING TO THE FLOOR, HE WEPT IN DESPERATION.

WAS THIS IT, THEN? THE END OF HIS JOURNEY? WAS HE TO DIE HERE, SPLAYED AND PROPPED LIKE A DISCARDED PUPPET AGAINST THIS HELLISH DOOR?

HE COULD NOT GO BACK. THERE WAS NO "BACK", AND EVEN IF THERE WERE, HE COULD NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO RETRACE HIS FEVERED JOURNEY.



IN A FINAL EXERTION OF WILL, HE ROSE TO HIS KNEES AND PLUMMELED THE DOOR WITH FISTS DRIVEN BY DELIRIUM.



ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4TH, THREE DAYS AFTER IAN'S DISAPPEARANCE, THE WOOLRICH'S COOK, NAN, WAS STARTLED OUT OF HER WITS BY AN UNACCOUNTABLE BANGING FROM A KITCHEN CLIPBOARD. SHE RAN FOR HARKNESS, THE MANSERVANT, WHO RETURNED, FOKER IN HAND, TO DISPATCH THE INTERLUDE.

IMAGINE THEIR ASTONISHMENT WHEN HARKNESS THREW OPEN THE DOOR AND THE MASTER FELL HEADLONG TO THE FLOOR AT THEIR FEET!

IAN HAD BEEN MISSING FOR DAYS. WHEN HE APPEARED, SO UNACCOUNTABLY IN HIS OWN KITCHEN, NO ONE KNEW WHAT TO MAKE OF HIS ABSENCE, AND HE WAS IN NO CONDITION TO EXPLAIN IT. HAD HE BEEN IN THE DAMNED CLIPBOARD ALL THAT TIME? HAD HE SUFFERED AN ATTACK OF AMNESIA? HAD SOME SUBTLE POISON UNBALANCED HIS REASON?



HE TEETERED FOR WEEKS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH, SINCE WE'RE NEIGHBORS, I SAW HIM RATHER MORE OFTEN THAN I WOULD NORMALLY SEE A PATIENT, AND EACH VISIT GAVE ME LESS REASON TO HOPE FOR A FULL RECOVERY.

HE DID FINALLY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT HE RETURNED TO THE WORLD A FELLOW SO DEEPLY CHANGED THAT EVEN HIS WIFE WONDERED IF THIS WERE ONLY A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE IAN.

HE HAD BEEN DEPRIVED OF ANY SEMBLANCE OF INDEPENDENCE OR ASSERTION.

HE WOULD NOT LET CATHY LEAVE HIM FOR EVEN A MOMENT, AND HE DID NOT STIR FROM THAT BEDROOM FOR OVER A YEAR.



ULTIMATELY, HE CAME AROUND ENOUGH TO VENTURE FORTH IN HIS OWN HOUSE, BUT ONLY WITH CATHY ON HIS ARM, ACCOMPANYING HIM THROUGH EVERY DOORWAY AND INTO EVERY ROOM.

IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT HE TOLD ME THE STORY I'VE TOLD YOU. HE ASKED ME TO FIND DURANT AND THE PUZZLE BOX, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM DURANT HAD LEFT THE CITY MONTHS BEFORE, HIS HARD-WON COMPOSURE CRUMBLEZ. HE BEGAN MUMBLING TO HIMSELF, AS IF CATHY AND I WEREN'T THERE.

I GATHERED FROM HIS RAMBLING THAT HE WAS SURE THE PUZZLE WAS THE KEY TO HIS SITUATION AND THAT DURANT'S REMARKS ABOUT SOLITUDE HAD BEEN NOT MERELY BITS OF PARTY CONVERSATION, BUT A WARNING TO IAN NOT TO RESUME HIS OLD LIFESTYLE OF SOCIAL CONTACT. HE BELIEVED THAT A MALIGN FORCE HAD TORMENTED HIM, THAT IT STILL WATCHED HIM, AND THAT HE COULD APPEASE IT ONLY BY REMAINING ISOLATED FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

SOMEHOW IAN AND CATHY ADJUSTED TO THE BIZARRE LIFESTYLE IMPOSED ON THEM BY HIS TERROR AND HIS "PENANCE." THEY DRIETED INTO YEARS OF ISOLATION—IAN IN THE GRIP OF HIS DELUSION, CATHY FORTIFIED BY HER DEVOTION TO HIM.

IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY THAT THEY RE-APPEARED IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME. MY GOD, HE SACRIFICED SEVEN YEARS SURELY HE BELIEVES NOW THAT HE'S MADE AMPLE PAYMENT TO HIS DEMONS.



NOW THAT THEY'VE BEGUN TO GO OUT, I SUPPOSE THE GOSSIP ABOUT HIM WILL BEGIN AGAIN, BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO IAN SEVEN YEARS AGO.

AND THERE YOU HAVE HIS STORY. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I'M NOT CERTAIN. I SHOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE IT, ACTUALLY.

I ONLY WISH IT HAD HAPPENED TO ME, WITH MATERIAL LIKE THAT. MY DINNER GUEST VALUE WOULD SOAR, AND I COULD GIVE THE WAR IN AMERICA A REST.

I SUPPOSE OUR ABSENCE HAS STRAINED THE BOUNDS OF CIVILITY BY NOW, ANDREW. SHALL WE?

BY ALL MEANS, BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE—AFTER YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW.







DARLING!
WHAT'S WRONG??



HARRAKK!
HRAK!



CATHY!
CATHY! OH,
MY GOD!

I...
AGGHHHHH...



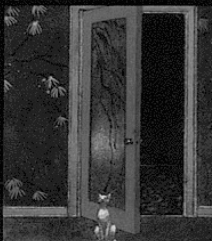
I'M
GOING
TO GET
JOHN!



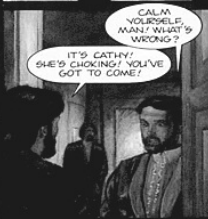
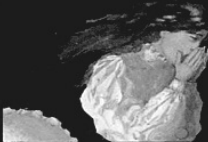
GOD!



I
CAN'T...



HRRRAAAAKKK!!





WHAT IN THE
WORLD...



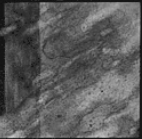
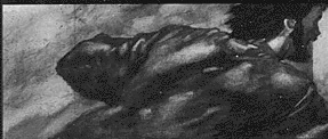
GOD,
PLEASE DON'T
LET HIM GO
AGAIN...



CATHY!



CA...





ALONE...

... ALONE ...

The End

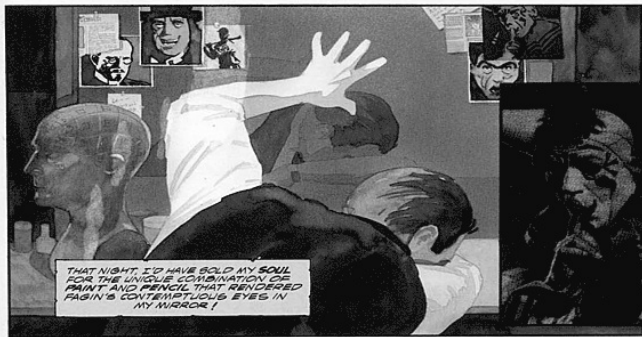




*THE FACE. I NEEDED
FAGIN'S FACE.*



*THE FACE WAS THE
MIRROR OF THE
SPIRIT. WITHOUT
THE FACE, I HAD
NOTHING--NOTHING
OF THE MAN!*



*THAT NIGHT, I'D HAVE SOLD MY SOUL
FOR THE UNIQUE COMBINATION OF
PAINT AND PENCIL THAT RENDERED
FAGIN'S CONTEMPTUOUS EYES IN
MY MIRROR!*

TO PREPARE A FACE



WE WOULD BEGIN FILMING
OLIVER TWIST THE NEXT
MORNING. FASIN, DICKENS'
MISCREANT TEEN—WHERE
WAS HE? WHERE WAS HIS
FACE?

WHY DID IT ALWAYS HAVE TO
BE THIS WAY?
WHY DID I ALWAYS HAVE TO
ENDURE THIS TORMENT?
WHY MUST I BE THE ONE
TO SHOULDER THE BURDEN
OF OBSESSION?

STORY • JIM SITARD
ART • MARK CHIBRELL
LETTERS • GORDON



NOBODY'S HOME
BUT US GHOSTS!
GO AWAY!

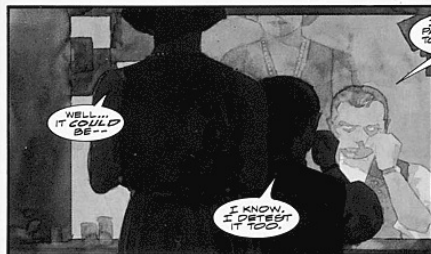


ROOM SERVICE.
SOMEBODY IN HERE
ORDER A DRINK?

IT WAS PATTY. SHE'D
SEEM ME THIS WAY
BEFORE. SHE KNEW
THE HELL I WAS
GOING THROUGH.



WHAT DO YOU
THINK? IS IT
FAGIN?



WELL...
IT COULD
BE--

I KNOW.
I DETEST
IT TOO.

I NEED FAGIN.
PATTY. I NEED
TO GET INSIDE
HIS SKIN.

CAN'T YOU
FAKE IT.
JUST THIS
ONCE? WHO'LL
KNOW?

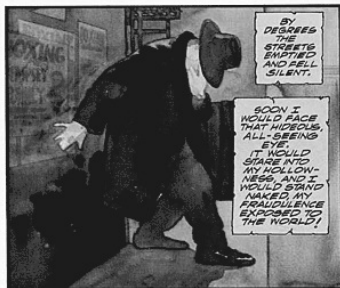






PATTY KNEW I'D NEVER
"FAKE IT." NOT LIKE SOME
ACTORS I COULD NAME!
BUT WITHOUT THE FACE,
I WAS NOWHERE!

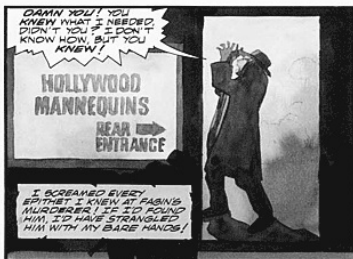
WITHOUT THE FACE,
I WAS LOST...
DRIFTING...
RUDDERLESS IN
UNCHARTED SEAS!







WHOEVER KILLED HIM HAD CUT OFF HIS FACE, REMOVED IT WITH THE SKILL OF A DEMENTED SURGEON.



DAMN YOU! YOU KNEW WHAT I NEEDED, DIDN'T YOU? I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT YOU KNEW!

HOLLYWOOD
MANNEQUINS

REAR
ENTRANCE

I SCREAMED EVERY EPITHET I KNEW AT FASIN'S MURDERER! IF I'D FOUND HIM, I'D HAVE STRANGLED HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!

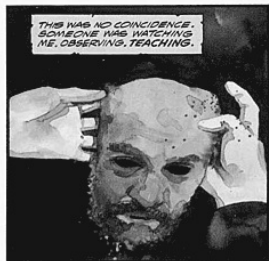


AND THEN I SAW IT. DANGLING FROM THE DAINLY POSED HANDS OF A MANNEQUIN--



--THERE, SUSPENDED AT THE ENDS OF DELICATE WOODEN FINGERS--

--FASIN'S FACE, DRAPED LIKE A MASK, LIKE A RUBBER HALLOWEEN MASK... AN OFFERING.



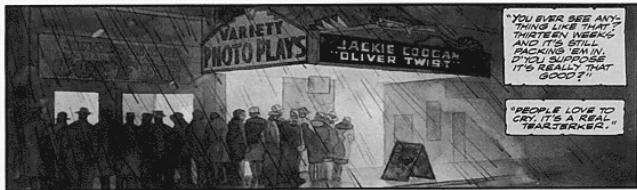
THIS WAS NO COINCIDENCE. SOMEONE WAS WATCHING ME, OBSERVING, TEACHING.

"I WAS HOT, WARM, AND SOFT, VERY SOFT, AND YET THERE WAS AN ENERGY TO IT, I COULD FEEL AN ELECTRICAL TINGLE AS I PRESSED IT TO MY CHEEK. MY HEART BEAT WILDLY.



I WAS
SAVED!





"YOU EVER SEE ANY-
THING LIKE THAT?
THIRTEEN WEEKS
AND IT'S STILL
PACKING 'EM IN.
D'YOU SUPPOSE
IT'S REALLY THAT
GOOD?"

"PEOPLE LOVE TO
CRY, IT'S A REAL
TEARJERKER."

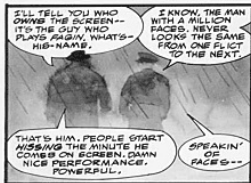


YOU
SEEN
IT?

I'VE
SEEN
IT.



I'VE SEEN 'EM
ALL. I GUESS
YOU'D SAY I'M
KIND OF A
MOVIE BUFF.



I'LL TELL YOU WHO
OWNS THE SCREEN--
IT'S THE GUY WHO
PLAYS FAGIN. WHAT'S--
HIS NAME.

I KNOW. THE MAN
WITH A MILLION
FACES. NEVER
LOOKS THE SAME
FROM ONE FLICK
TO THE NEXT.

THAT'S HIM. PEOPLE START
MISSING THE MINUTE HE
COMES ON SCREEN. DAMN
NICE PERFORMANCE.
POWERFUL.

SPEAKIN'
OF
FACES--



--YOU GOT ANY LEADS ON THE GUY THAT
KILLED THAT JEW WHO RAN THE DUMMY
SHOP? IT'S GOTTA BE SOME NUT CASE
DOIN' THAT TO HIS FACE AND ALL.

WEIRDEST DAMN THING.
WHOEVER KILLED HIM DIDN'T TAKE
A DIME, JUST THE FACE. THAT'S
ALL.



MY LANDLADY, SHE SAW THAT
FLICK. SHE SWEARS FAGIN
LOOKS JUST LIKE THE
DECEASED.
SPITTIN'
IMAGE SHE
SAYS.

SO THINK ABOUT IT. TWO
JEWS. THE FACE CUT OFF.
AND THAT ACTOR, A
MASTER OF DISGUISE--

YOU'RE SICK, YOU
KNOW THAT.
WHAT'RE YOU
TELLING ME?



--THAT A FAMOUS
HOLLYWOOD ACTOR
KILLED THE JEW AND
CUT OFF HIS FACE TO
MAKE A
MOVIE?

"YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE. I'M JUST TELLIN' YOU WHAT I HEARD."

"I'LL LOOK INTO IT."

THE HARDEST PART WAS GETTING USED TO THE SMELL OF PRESERVATIVE.

ANOTHER MAN'S FACE, LITERALLY WORN OVER MY OWN. A LITTLE TOUCH-UP THE USUAL ARTIFICE, AND I BECAME FAGIN! I WONDERED--

--WHY HADN'T THEY SHOWN ME THIS BEFORE?



"HAD" IS RIGHT.

I STOLE IT, I ADMIT. WITH MY PENCIL. AND A BIT OF DRAWING PAPER. SOME RUBBER. A LITTLE SPIRIT GUM, SOME PAINT--



I WOULD HAVE TO GO FURTHER AFIELD NEXT TIME. THE NEXT FACE WAS DIFFICULT, BUT IT WAS A STARRING ROLE. NO THAT I'D BEEN SHOWN THE TRICK, I COULDN'T LET IT GO!

DEMENTIA WAS LEADING ME ON. I KNEW THAT, BUT DEMENTIA IN SERVICE TO THE ACTOR'S ART! I WAS MAD, BUT THERE WAS METHOD TO MY MADNESS!







THE WOMAN LEFT TO FETCH WATER, LEAVING THE WRETCHED THING ALONE IN ITS BATH. I ACTED QUICKLY.

THE LIMBLESS BODY CONVULSED HELPLESSLY WHILE I SUBMERGED THE HEAD. ITS DESPERATE GUTTURAL DYING NOISES WERE SWALLOWED IN THE MORNING MIST.



A TRAGIC ACCIDENT, THE OLD WOMAN WEPT, BLAMING HERSELF FOR THE TRAGEDY. THE SERVICE WAS SHORT, AND THE CARNIVAL SOON MOVED ON.



THAT NIGHT I EXHUMED THE CORPSE. THE POOR FREAK I'D MURDERED WOULD, IN A WAY, FIND IMMORTALITY AS MY GREATEST SCREEN PORTRAYAL TO DATE--!

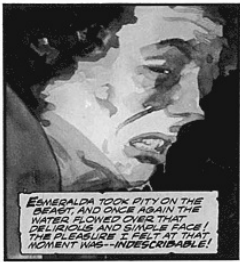


QUASIMODO--

--THE UNFORGETTABLE
HUNCHBACK OF
NOTRE DAME!



ESMERALDA TOOK PITY ON THE
BEAST, AND ONCE AGAIN THE
WATER FLOWED OVER THAT
DELIRIOUS AND SIMPLE FACE!
THE PLEASURE I FELT AT THAT
MOMENT WAS--INDESCRIBABLE!



AIEEE!
THAT MAN...
THAT FACE!
HE IS MY SON,
MY HENRIK!



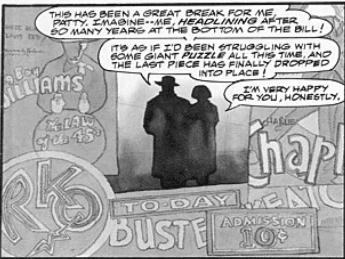
IT WAS NOT UNCOMMON
FOR WOMEN TO SHRIEK
ON FIRST SEEING THE
HUNCHBACK'S FACE.
SOME (I AM TOLD)
ACTUALLY HAD TO
BE UGHERED
FROM THE
THEATER!



THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT BREAK FOR ME,
PATTY. I MIGHT--ME, HEADLINING AFTER
SO MANY YEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BILL!

IT'S AS IF I'D BEEN STRUGGLING WITH
SOME GIANT PUZZLE ALL THIS TIME, AND
THE LAST PIECE WAS FINALLY DROPPED
INTO PLACE!

I'M VERY HAPPY
FOR YOU, HONESTLY.

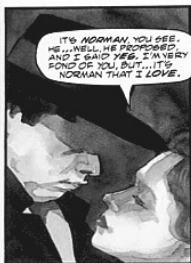


I'VE WANTED TO MARRY YOU
FOR SO LONG, BUT I NEVER
DARED TO ASK! NOW I FEEL
AS IF I COULD LICK THE WORLD,
SO TELL ME--

WILL YOU
MARRY ME,
PATTY?

I...I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY! I
NEVER REALIZED...







I LOVED MUCH TO MY MIS-SHAPEN FRIEND. NOW IT WAS TIME TO STONE HIM AWAY AND CONSIDER THE DEMANDS OF MY NEXT ROLE.



FOR THIS ONE, EVEN HE WAS TOO HANDSOME! THIS TIME--

--I WOULD HAVE TO IMPROVISE.



THE FILM WAS PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. I WOULD STAR AS THE DEFORMED CREATURE, ERIK, AND NORMAN WOULD AGAIN PLAY THE DASHING HERO, THE VICOMTE RAOUL DE CHASNY.

OR... SO IT WAS WRITTEN.

I'VE BEEN THINKING, DARLING--

--WHAT IF WE POSTPONED ANNOUNCING OUR ENGAGEMENT UNTIL THE NEW FILM IS RELEASED? IT'D BE FABULOUS PUBLICITY!



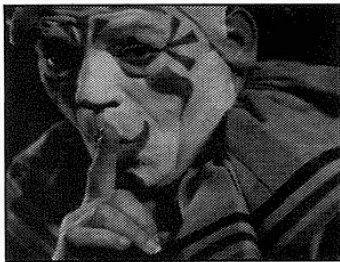
PITY! PEOPLE GET ENGAGED FOR LOVE, NOT TO SELL MOVIE TICKETS!

BUT YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU! WHAT'S WRONG WITH KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE?

MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT LATER. IN PRIVATE.



NORMAN, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM FOR YOU. SHE'S MUCH TOO GOOD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW!





THIS JUST
CAME FOR
YOU, MURRAY.

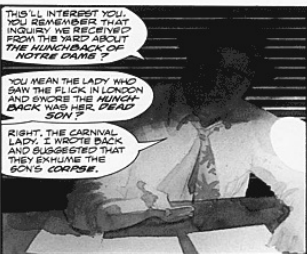
FROM
ENGLAND,
SCOTLAND
YARD.



THIS'LL INTEREST YOU.
YOU REMEMBER THAT
INQUIRY WE RECEIVED
FROM THE YARD ABOUT
THE HUNCHBACK OF
NOTRE DAME?

YOU MEAN THE LADY WHO
SAW THE FLICK IN LONDON
AND ENCORE THE HUNCH-
BACK WAS HER DEAD
SON?

RIGHT. THE CARNIVAL
LADY, I WROTE BACK
AND SUGGESTED THAT
THEY EXHUME THE
SON'S CORPSE.



WELL, THEY DUG HIM UP.
IT SAYS HERE THE COFFIN
HAD BEEN BROKEN INTO.
THE WOMAN SAW THE BODY
AND WENT INTO HYSTICS--



JESUS!

SOMEBODY...
CUT OFF HIS
FACE--!



WON'T YOU
HAVE ANOTHER
DRINK?

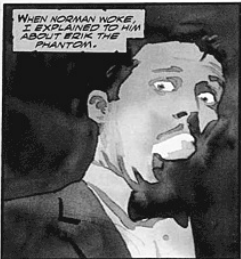


NO...NO THANKS.
THAT FIRST ONE
WENT STRAIGHT TO
MY HEAD, EMPTY
STOMACH, I
GUESS.

I...I
FEEL--

NOW WE BEGIN.





WHEN NORMAN WOKE,
I EXPLAINED TO HIM
ABOUT ERIC THE
PHANTOM.



YOU SEE, ERIC WAS
IMPELLED TO MURDER
BY HIS LOVE FOR
CHRISTINE.

HE SPENT LONG
WEEKS AND MONTHS
TRAINING HER,
CREATING THE
WOMAN THAT
YOUR CHARACTER,
RAOUL DE CHAGNY,
SO ADMIRER.



"AND CHRISTINE
LOVED THE PHANTOM...
AS LONG AS HE SPOKE
ONLY FROM THE
SHADOWS. WHEN
SHE BEHELD HIS
MONSTROUS FACE,
HER LOVE TURNED
TO HORROR!"

"HOW WOULD PATTY FEEL
ABOUT YOU, I WONDER,
IF YOUR HANDSOME
FEATURES WERE SOMEHOW
DESTROYED?
WOULD HER LOVE REMAIN
TRUE? OR WOULD SHE RE-
COIL FROM THE VERY SIGHT
OF YOU AS CHRISTINE WAS
REPELLED BY ERIC... AS
ESMERALDA BY THE
HUNCHBACK?"



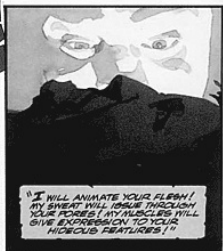
YOUR ACTING IS WOODEN,
NORMAN, YOU POSTURE
AND STRUT ACROSS THE
SCREEN LIKE A PEACOCK!
YOUR ACTING SUFFERS
BECAUSE YOUR SOUL
HAS NOT!

MNMF! MNMF!
MNMF!



THEY CAME THROUGH THE
GATES OF HELL TO SHOW
ME THE SECRET! THEY
KNEW I HAD THE DRIVE
TO USE IT! NOW I'M
GOING TO SHARE IT
WITH YOU, NORMAN.











I HAD TO LEAVE FASIN AND
QUASIMODO BEHIND, UN-
FORTUNATELY, SINCE THEN,
I'VE ADDED CONSIDERABLY
TO MY COLLECTION. LUCKILY,
THEY DON'T SEEM TO
PUTREFY HERE.

I HAVE A FACE FOR
EVERY OCCASION,
ONE FOR EVERY MOOD.

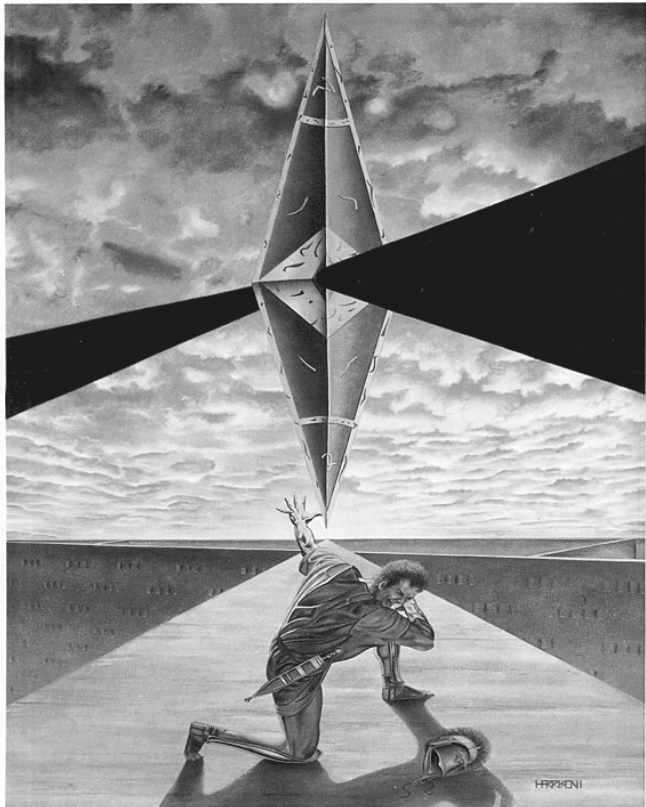


VERY
NICE,
YOU'VE
ADAPTED
WELL.
LEVIATHAN
IS PLEASED.

I'VE BEEN USING STAPLES
TO FASTEN THEM ON, BUT
I'VE GROWN RATHER
INURED TO THE PAIN.
I'VE STARTED THINKING
ABOUT SCREWS--



The End



AFTERWORD

There is no such thing as an essence of horror. Horror is a chameleon, changing with its environs, from place to place, person to person, age to age. But there is an essence in man that seeks horror, that is universal from place to place, person to person, and ageless.

The attic of my parents' home was a dark place that bred that essence. A railroad system of rooms piled high with boxes of outgrown clothes and forgotten furniture, it was a child's wonderland. Through my pre-teen years I had, with the help of friends, slowly transformed the rooms from a neatly organized warehouse into a soft, mountainous landscape that probably had a floor under it, somewhere. Two of the rooms had a connecting door which, knob removed, had been locked for as long as I could remember. But, because of their strange victorian arrangements and interior shapes, the long corridor outside the first room lent no indication that it could be connected to the second in any way. Keen detective work—or what could pass for it at my age—connected the two sides of the door in my mind, but it took a while. It would take a stranger, I reasoned, even longer. The stage was set.

A long and fairly complicated story of gremlins (years before the movie) was the overture, my attic stage, and my friend, Benson, the anxious victim—make that audience—to my work of horror fiction. Standing him to one side, I set the mood and braced myself against the locked door, sliding a broken knob into place. The door rattled, Benson stepped back.

Announcing my mistake, with an edge of oh-god-please-don't-tell-my-dad panic in my voice, I ordered him to brace the door while I went to help. He obeyed, looking to me for some answer, some control of the situation he'd fallen into. I ran out.

Outside the room, I headed for the connected room—for the shared door. There, I began to hit the door, slowly at first, then with increasing vigor. In tandem came the sound effects, the natural accompaniment of any attack from the unknown. Rhythmic. Furious.

Five. That was how many times I had to hit the door before Benson took off for the stairs, heroism forsaken for the instinct of self-preservation. I raced after him through three floors, finally catching up with him outside the house with lungs empty from racing and laughing at once. He laughed too—after he hit me.

There is no essence of horror. But if one were to classify that drive; that desire in man to be afraid and to live with fear, breathlessly; to be alive by experiencing the ultimate fear of that moment when we anticipate death, it might boil down to one thing.

We seek the door, but we don't want it to open.

In Clive Barker's *Hellraiser*, we'll certainly be opening a great many doors, and there's no telling what we may let out. We'll be back in just three months, with a whole new labyrinth, so stick around. I still have that broken door knob.





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Winding and wicked are the roads to Hell. Roads filled with actors trading masks of comedy and tragedy for ones of human flesh. Roads backed up with vets whose wars could never leave enough scars to please the Genobites. Roads paved with lost travelers offering their souls for a final glimpse of the light. But there are shortcuts to Hell, as well, mapped out inside these pages by the infernal imaginings of Clive Barker. They're guaranteed to get you down below in style.

Getting back is your problem.

